My Very Own Fox Fairy Tale

NOZINES

Once upon a time, there was obviously a fox. He did not speak, he only existed.

This was before humans and modern technology. But then, humans evolved from a common ancestor and started building farms and cities and domesticating animals.

All but the fox. He remained wild.

"Why don't you be tame?" one human wondered.

"Why are you so free?" another thought.

"Why can't we control you?" and so on.

One night, the fox wandered through a lonely town on his way home. He paused for a sip of water at a pond. Unbeknownst to him, he was in someone's backyard.

In the quiet darkness, he heard something stir. He up from the pond and saw through the window of a small house. He caught sight of the silhouette of a girl crying.

The fox thought nothing of it. What could he do about it? He could not speak. He was free.

But from her window, through the blurriness of her tears, this girl saw the fox.

She wanted comfort, and through her sad, lonely thoughts, could think of only one thing: "I wish this fox could talk."

And suddenly, he could.

The fox could feel his vocal chords form and change within his throat. He stood straight up and looked directly at the girl. He knew who had made the change.

"Why do I speak?" said the fox.

"I didn't think it would actually work." said the girl.

Silence ensued and she continued to cry. The fox had never comforted a crying person before. He didn't know what to say.

"Why do you cry?" The fox said.

The girl sniffled and tried to bring herself together. "I wish I was born a boy so badly but I was born in this body and there's nothing I can do about it. I hate myself and who I am. My life sucks. I wish I could be like you, wild and free. I wish I was a fox."

And suddenly, she was. He was now a fox and he could not speak nor cry anymore. He was wild and free...and happy.

The End.